

# MERRY'S MUSEUM.

Vol. XII.

OCTOBER, 1846.

No. 4.



A Swiss Girl.

**T**HERE is no disputing about tastes. This picture represents a Swiss girl, of the canton of Berne, in her best dress. The article upon her head, that appears like the expanded wings of a butterfly, is a kind of network, made of hair or silk. The hair is braided behind in a double cue, a yard long.

The leg-of-mutton sleeves are white; the bodice is black, richly embroidered on the breasts.

How infinite are the varieties of taste in dress! Yet this Swiss fashion has been long established, and passes from one generation to another.



### The Parrot.

In this little story, Mary and Ann, and their brother James, are talking together, and Poll Parrot keeps putting in her word, and makes mischief.

**M**ARY. — There is James, coming from school, with his bag of books slung over his shoulder. I will run and tell him what uncle Thomas has brought home for us.

**Ann.** — I know he will wish it had been a monkey. He is always talking about monkeys.

**Mary.** — Monkeys are dirty, mischievous creatures. I like pretty Poll as well again as a monkey. James! James! make haste, and come here. Uncle Thomas has brought something for us.

**James.** — Is it a monkey?

**Ann.** — There, now! I knew he would ask whether it was a monkey.

**Mary.** — O brother, it is a great deal prettier than a monkey. It is a beautiful parrot, all green and gold, except a little tip of red on the tail. Come and see.

*[James follows his sister into the house. She offers the parrot a piece of apple. Poll takes it in her claw, and eats it very genteelly.]*

**Mary.** — Is she not a handsome creature, James? Pretty Poll!

**Parrot.** — Pretty Poll! Pretty Poll!

**Ann.** — How plain she speaks!

**James.** — I should like a monkey better. What a vain thing she is, to keep saying "Pretty Poll!"

**Parrot.** — Pretty Poll! Pretty Poll!

*[James laughs; the parrot laughs like him, and that makes James angry.]*

**James.** — What do you mean by mocking me?

*Parrot.*—What do you mean by mocking me? Pretty Poll! Pretty Poll!

*James.*—You saucy thing!

*Parrot.*—You saucy thing!

[*James takes up an apple core, and throws it at her cage.*]

*Ann.*—Now, James, don't be angry with pretty Poll; though you are a little pepper-box.

*Parrot.*—Little pepper-box.

*James.*—What made you say that word? That ugly parrot has learned it. You know I hate to be called a pepper-box.

*Parrot.*—Pepper-box.

*James.*—Hold your tongue, Poll.

[*Parrot laughs.*]

*Mary.*—Never mind, brother. Ann did not mean to teach it to Poll; and Poll will soon forget it. Poll don't know the meaning of what she says; so what's the use of minding her?

*James.*—That is true, Mary dear. You are a kind little soul, and always try to make peace. But I don't like Mrs. Poll Parrot half as well as I should like a monkey, for all her bright feathers.

*Parrot.*—Pretty Poll! Pretty Poll!

*Ann.*—A monkey is so ugly-looking, and so full of mischief.

*James.*—Some of the small ones have glossy green coats, as handsome as Mrs. Poll's; and as for mischief, I guess you will find pretty Poll mischievous enough. But now I will tell you a secret, girls. You know to-morrow is mother's birthday. I have been saving all my money, on purpose to buy a present for her. But don't you say a word. I don't want mother to know any thing about it, till she sees it on her table.

*Mary and Ann.*—What is it? What is it?

*James.*—A work-box.

[*The girls jump and clap their hands.*]

A work-box! What a pretty present!

*Parrot.*—A work-box! What a pretty present!

*James.*—I declare, Poll knows the secret; and now she will blab. But here, you may just peep at the box.

[*He opens his bag, and the girls call out,*]

O, how pretty!

[*Their mother enters.*]

*Mother.*—What is so pretty? What have you there, my son?

*Parrot.*—A work-box! What a pretty present!

*James.*—There! I knew the mischievous thing would blab.

[*He throws a stick at her cage.*]

*Parrot.*—Pepper-box!

[*James tries to run out, and falls over a footstool. The parrot laughs.*]

*Mother.*—What is the matter? Why is James so vexed?

*Parrot.*—Pepper-box!

[*Mary goes out, and soon returns, leading her brother by the hand.*]

*James.*—The fact is, dear mother, I bought a present for your birthday, and wanted to keep it a secret till to-morrow. But that ugly old parrot told it all.

*Mary.*—She is not ugly, or old, James.

*Parrot.*—Pretty Poll! Pretty Poll!

*Mother.*—It is a beautiful present, my son; and it makes me very happy that you should be so thoughtful about my birthday.

*James.*—Dear mother, you always think of something to make us happy. It would

be strange if we did not sometimes think of you. I am sorry I was angry; for I resolved, a good while ago, not to be a pepper-box any more. O, you saucy Poll!

[*He laughs, and shakes his fist at the cage.*]

*Parrot.*—Pretty Poll! Pretty Poll!

*Mary.*—I am sorry you found out about the present sooner than James wanted you to, mother. But the parrot was not to blame. She does not know the meaning of what she says.

*James.*—That is true, dear sis; and I did wrong to call her a vain thing for saying Pretty Poll.

*Parrot.*—Pretty Poll! Pretty Poll!

*James.*—O, yes; I dare say you will have the last word.

*Parrot.*—O, yes. O, yes. Pretty Poll!

[The above is from a very pretty book by *Mrs. Child.*]

## Wonders of the Honey-Bee.

[Continued from p. 73.]

### CHAPTER III.

*Conversations begun.—The Honey-Bee described.—Wonderful Provision observed in its Legs.—A magnified Sting exhibited and described.—Anecdote.—Remedies for Bee-Stings.—Superstition about Bees illustrated by an Anecdote.*

How well received by Mr. Ross was the proposal of his children, has been noticed in the conclusion of the preceding chapter. He was an ardent admirer of the study of natural history, particularly of that branch of it which relates to the various tribes of insects, which

inhabit the exterior parts of the earth. Nor was the study of it a matter of only idle curiosity. On the contrary, it became, as improved by him, the means of exalting his views of that Almighty Being who in wisdom has made all things,—as well the insect that sports in the breeze, as man himself, formed in the very image of his Maker.

Only a few evenings, therefore, were suffered to elapse before, having arranged his business, Mr. Ross was seated with his wife and children, for the purpose of giving the latter some account of the habits and operations of the honey-bee.

"I will begin," said he, "by exhibiting to you a common bee, considerably magnified.



*Magnified Bee.*

"It has a large, round eye on each side of its head. It has also two strong teeth, which enable it to construct its cells, and to convey obnoxious substances from the hive. Below the teeth is an instrument, called a *proboscis*, which is the principal organ in collecting honey. This it inserts into the flower, and sips the honey, by means of it, into its mouth.

"When inactive, it is folded under the



head, and defended by a scaly sheath, or covering. Here is a representation of this proboscis, with the tongue stretched out as far as possible.



*Tongue of a Bee.*

"At the end of the tongue, and, indeed, on all the rings of which it is composed, —forty in number,—you perceive a circle of hairs. These are designed to brush off, or collect together, the minute particles of honey which are found in the cups of flowers. What a beautiful instrument! What a wonderful contrivance!

"Next, the head of the bee is furnished with two horns, called *feelers*, or *antennæ*. By means of these they communicate such ideas as they have to one another, and" —

"*Ideas!* father," said Edward; "do you think that bees have ideas?"

"Not precisely such as we have; yet it is obvious that they have some knowledge, since bees of the same hive know each other, and a whole swarm is, at times, actuated by the same impulse or

motive. By means of their antennæ, they hold intercourse with their young, and with their queen."

"But they have eyes," said Catharine. "why not use them?"

"They do use them when abroad, and are able to see, doubtless, to a considerable distance. But in their hives, which are often perfectly dark, they must perform their operations entirely by feeling. When deprived of their antennæ, they appear lost, and soon become helpless, and perish.

"Bees have two stomachs, which are connected by a small tube. In the first stomach, which holds only a small drop, the bees collect the honey — one part of which they are able to deposit in the hive; and a smaller part passes into the second stomach, and goes to support the bee."

"Is the juice of the flowers, as gathered by the bees, already honey?" inquired Mrs. Ross. "I have a slight recollection of having read that it is not."

"Probably not," replied Mr. Ross. "It is supposed that it undergoes some change in the stomach of the bee; at least, the foundation of that change may be laid in the stomach, and be effected in the comb.

"The bee has four wings and six legs. In the third pair of legs is a most wonderful provision for carrying pollen, or bee-bread, — about which I shall tell you by and by. In each of these legs is a cavity, or triangular basket, admirably adapted to the design.

"The bottom of this basket, or cavity, is composed of a smooth, shining, horn-like material, hollowed out in the very substance of the limb, and surrounded

with a margin of strong and thickly-set bristles. Here is a representation of a leg of a bee, in which this cavity is to be seen."



*Leg of a Bee.*

"Bristles!" said James. "I should not think that bees would have bristles upon them. Pray, of what use are they, father?"

"A most wise provision, my child, and one which shows the care of the divine Architect. These bristles are so placed, as to secure the pollen, which the bee puts into her basket, from falling out."

"How?"

"By pressing it on every side; for the bristles, being elastic, spring back, and confine the load to its place. The manner in which the bee loads her basket, with a kind of gum, called *propolis*, is quite remarkable. I must first observe, however, that this gum is collected from the buds of wild poplar and other trees, and is used for the purpose of varnishing over the inner part of the hive, and filling up small holes. The bee, having found a bud containing this gum, opens it with her teeth, and seizing some of the resinous gum, kneads it, or rolls it, some time, until it becomes less adhesive. She then

passes it, by means of her feet, to the cavity of her basket, where she pats it two or three times, to make it adhere. Then she adds a second portion to the first, patting it still harder. When she has procured as much as her basket will hold, she flies off with it to the hive.

"One part of the bee," continued Mr. Ross, "remains to be described. I suppose Master John can tell what that is."

"O, I know," said Susan.

"Well," said John, "I know what father means; but I don't want to hear any thing more about it."

"You mean, Johnny," said Susan, "that you don't wish to *feel* one again."

"I don't wish to *hear* any thing more about it."

"Pray," said James, "what are you talking about, John? Can you tell?"

"I guess I can. Don't you think I know what a *sting* means?"

"Well," said Mr. Ross, "we will not trouble John further. He, no doubt, suffered the other day, when he was stung; but the poor bee suffered more."

"How, father? pray, how?" said Susan. "Johnny, did you sting back again?"

"I wish I could," said John.

"That would have been quite wrong," said Mr. Ross; besides, it was quite unnecessary. The poor bee is dead before this time."

"Dead! father," said Catharine. "How?"

"The bee left his sting in your hand; did he not, John?"

"Yes, sir."

"In such cases," said Mr. Ross, "I believe it is generally understood that the bee soon after dies."

"But, in some instances," said Mrs. Ross, "the bee still retains its weapon — why not in all instances?"

"A description of the sting," replied Mr. Ross. "will explain the reason. Here is the representation of a bee-sting, magnified."



*Magnified Bee-Sting.*

"It consists of two parts, or, rather, of two stings applied against each other. The external side of each has several barbs, like those of a dart. When inserted in the flesh, these barbs prevent its being easily withdrawn. If, at the moment the wound is inflicted, the bee is forced away, she will be unable to withdraw the sting, and hence leaves it behind." This costs the bee, as I said, her life."

"And, sometimes," added Mrs. Ross, "the life of the person stung."

"Not often," said Mr. Ross. "A few such instances are on record; but, in those cases, the wound has been inflicted in some tender part of the system."

"You were once badly stung," said Mrs. Ross.

"Yes; but you recollect how speedily I obtained relief."

"How was it, father?" inquired Catharine. "I must have been absent at the time."

"I believe you were, my dear," said

Mr. Ross. "One day, passing near the bee-house, a bee, just returning from the fields, struck me on the side of my neck, leaving his sting directly over the large vein which passes into the head. At first, I was not sensible of much inconvenience; but, soon after reaching the house, my whole system became agitated and distressed. My heart beat with great violence. It appeared, every moment, as if I should lose my senses. I requested your mother to procure for me a half-teaspoonful of *hartshorn*, which I took in some water. In a single minute, I felt relieved. Its effect was surprising. It threw out, upon all parts of my body, blotches, each of which resembled a bee-sting. Of these there were several hundred. I continued to use hartshorn, at intervals, for several hours, and experienced no further ill effects. It may be important for you to remember the remedy in such cases. The liquid injected by the bee is a strong *poison*. It is of an *acid* nature. Any substance which destroys the acid quality, destroys the poisonous tendency. This hartshorn does; also salt and water, and several other substances. Salt and water, however, is always applied externally; hartshorn may be applied in both ways.

"Another still more simple remedy, is to make use of a *key*, or any instrument which has a hole in the end of it. The moment the wound is inflicted, place the *hole* of the key upon it, pressing it upon the wound with some *force*. It may hurt somewhat, but it will effectually prevent the spread of the poison."

"I do not understand how," said Edward.

"The process is quite plain," said Mr.

Ross. "The poison is carried into the system by the circulation of the blood. The pressure of the key upon the part affected, stops the circulation, or so much impedes it, that the effects of the poison are comparatively small."

"Father, did you not say," inquired Catharine, "that some persons are not in much danger, at any time, of being stung?"

"Yes. The number is not small. Against these, bees seem to have little antipathy, the odor or effluvia of their bodies not being offensive to bees, as is the case with some others. It is well, however, for all who handle bees to guard themselves with gloves, and a hood of millinet or gauze. Yet we know that Mr. Francis, who yearly takes a portion of the honey from our hives, seldom guards himself at all."

"But is he not sometimes stung?" asked James.

"Sometimes; but rarely," said Mr. Ross.

"Does he *talk* to the bees?" asked James.

"Why, my son, do you ask that question?"

"Why," replied James, "I was thinking of a story which Mrs. Chipman told us one day."

"That was a humorous story, indeed," said Catharine.

"Well," said Mr. Ross, "let us hear it."

"You tell it, James," said Catharine.

"O, no: you tell it, Kate," replied James.

"I wish Charles was at home," said Catharine, "to tell it; he would make the whole company laugh, I dare say."

"You can tell it, I trust, my daughter," said Mr. Ross.

Catharine.—"One day we went over to see Mrs. Chipman: it was the very day on which your fine, large swarm went off, before you could hive them."

"Well," said Mrs. Chipman, "your father has lost a swarm of bees to-day."

"Yes, ma'am," said I; "and a fine swarm it was, too."

"Bees are strange bodies," said she; "sometimes they fly away very strangely, and sometimes die as strangely."

"How strangely, Mrs. Chipman?" said I.

"Why, did you never hear," said she, "that when the master of a family dies, the bees die too?"

"I never heard of that," said James, "and I do not believe it."

"Well," said she, "I will tell you what happened when I lived in Vermont. There was a man died, who owned a large number of hives. When he was dead, some one of the neighbors said that it was a pity that all the bees must die too. Another neighbor said that he knew a remedy. This was, for the eldest son to go and inform the bees that their master was dead; but that he hoped they would be good, and continue to work, and that he would take care of them. This was told to the son; but he would not believe one word about it. At length, however, he thought he would make the experiment. "May be," said he, "after all, there is something in it. It will do no harm, and I will try it." So he went to one hive, and giving it a slight knock, waked all the bees up, and then told them, in a low tone of voice, that their



master was dead; but he hoped that they would be industrious, swarm well, lay up honey, and that he would take care of them. So round he went; but, at length, coming to one hive, he gave a knock, and was about telling it the same story, when a bee, which had come out to see what was the danger, stung him. Upon this, he told the bees of that hive that they might die, for he would not tell them. And they did die; but all the rest lived, and continued prosperous."

"Quite a story, Miss Catharine, and well told," said Mr. Ross. "Did Mrs. Chipman appear to believe it?"

"I thought she did," said Catharine.

"Father," said Susan, "do you think, if you should die, that Charles ought to tell our bees the story?"

"It is all a piece of *superstition*, my children," said Mr. Ross. "Formerly, the country was full of such idle notions. At the present day, more correct opinions prevail. Such stories are sufficiently amusing; but they are neither to be credited nor to have any serious influence upon us.

"It is now time," said Mr. Ross, "to conclude our conversation for the evening. Let us be grateful to the Author of our being for the means we enjoy of correcting the erroneous opinions, and especially the superstitious notions, of former times. We are, indeed, bound to believe some things as matters of fact, which we cannot explain; but, then, we are not required to admit as truth every idle rumor which floats, and least of all those tales, which, in every point of view, are repugnant to observation and reason."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

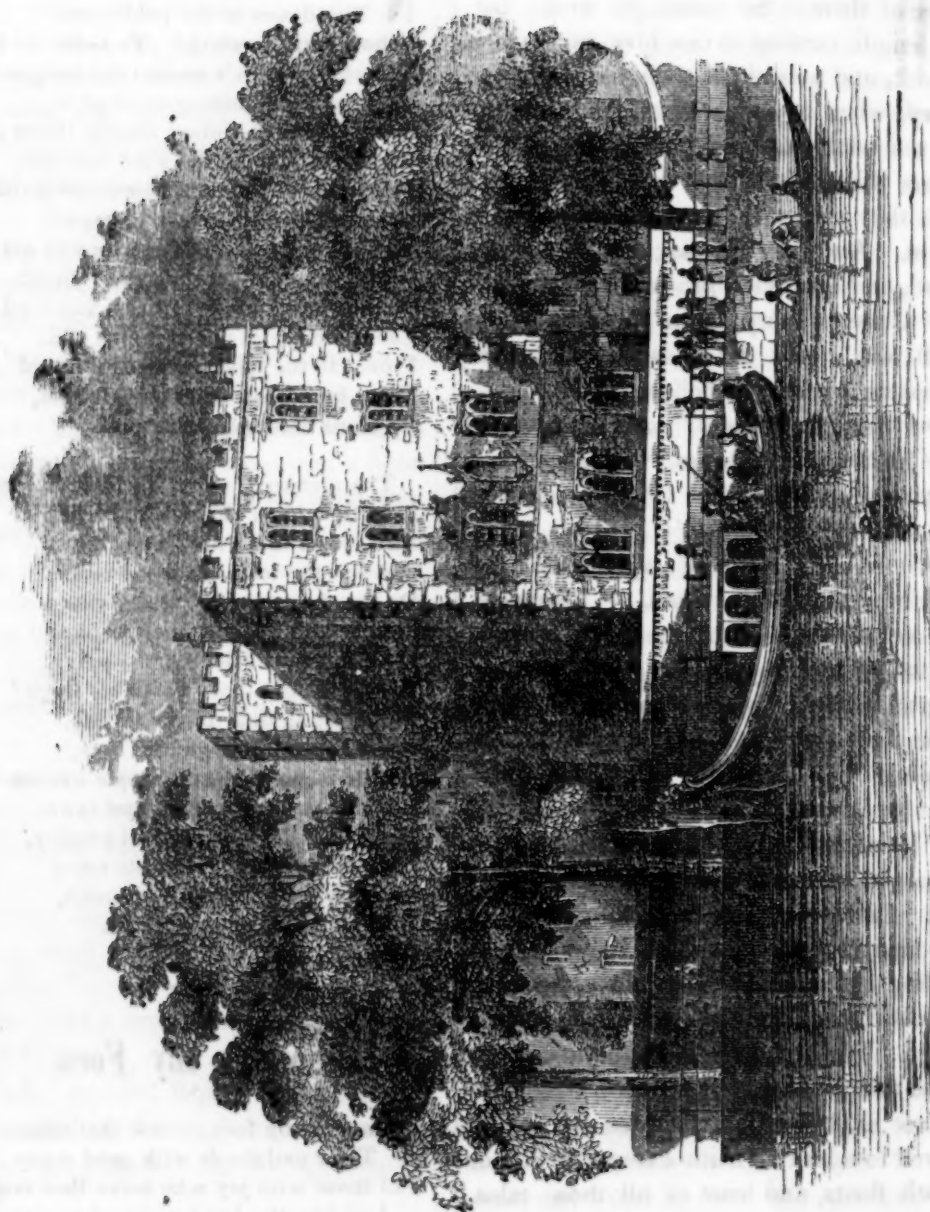
## Industry.

NATURE expects mankind should share  
The duties of the public care  
Who's born for sloth? To some we find  
The ploughshare's annual toil assigned;  
Some at the sounding anvil glow;  
Some the swift-sliding shuttle throw;  
Some, studious of the wind and tide,  
From pole to pole our commerce guide;  
Some, taught by industry, impart  
With hands and feet the works of art;  
While some, of genius more refined,  
With head and tongue assist mankind.  
Each, aiming at one common end,  
Proves to the whole a needful friend  
Thus, born each other's useful aid,  
By turns are obligations paid.

The monarch, when his table's spread,  
Is to the clown obliged for bread;  
And, when in all his glory dressed,  
Owes to the loom his royal vest.  
Do not the mason's toil and care  
Protect him from th' inclement air?  
Does not the cutler's art supply  
The ornament that guards his thigh?  
All these, in duty to the throne,  
Their common obligations own.  
'Tis he — his own and people's cause —  
Protects their properties and laws.  
Thus they their honest toil employ,  
And with content the fruits enjoy.  
In every rank, or great or small,  
'Tis industry supports us all.

## Forgive thy Foes.

FORGIVE thy foes; — nor that alone —  
Their evil deeds with good repay,  
Fill those with joy who leave thee none,  
And kiss the hand upraised to slay.  
So does the fragrant sandal bow  
In meek forgiveness to its doom,  
And o'er the axe at every blow  
Sheds in abundance rich perfume.



THE LOLLARDS TOWER.

### The Lollards' Tower.

**W**E are very apt to speak of the barbarous acts of savage nations as in the highest degree cruel and inhuman. But history, in detailing the acts of civilized man, presents scenes which would even shock a savage. And it is remarkable that the most atrocious cruelties seem to have been inflicted in the name of religion. The tales that are told of captives burnt to death by our Indians, are not equal to those which we find in the pages of English history, referring to modern dates, and in which bishops have been the principal actors. If prisons could speak, and unfold the gloomy horrors which have been witnessed within their walls, the heart would be made sick at the disclosures.

We give an engraving of a building that existed in London about three hundred years ago, which was one of the prisons to which we allude. It was called the Lollards' Tower, and belonged to Edmund Bonner, bishop of London. It was set apart for the punishment of Protestants,—formerly called *Lollards*,—who were brought before the bishop on accusations of heresy, and were here subjected to various tortures, at the discretion of that bigoted tyrant. The most common punishment inflicted was setting them in the stocks, in which some were fastened by the hands, and others by the feet. They were, in general, permitted to sit on a stool; but, to increase their sufferings, some were deprived of that indulgence, so that, lying with their heads on the ground, their situation was exceedingly painful. In this dungeon, and under these tortures, they were kept, some for

several days, others for weeks, without any other sustenance than bread and water; and, to aggravate their sufferings they were prohibited from being seen by their relatives and friends. Many of those who had tender constitutions died under these inflictions; but those of greater powers of endurance survived to excrete the name of their barbarous persecutor.

Such is the record, in a single instance selected out of thousands. But this is not all. When persons like Bonner are performing some act of which humanity would be ashamed, they usually pretend to have divine authority for their conduct. And we generally find that the frauds, impositions, and cruelties, practised by priests, are laid to God, in whose name, and in whose place, they pretend to act. The lesson to be deduced from history is this: Beware of a man, or set of men, who pretend to be the agents of God, and who at the same time seek to exercise any undue influence over the mind or body; and who cannot show, in the Holy Book, a plain and explicit authority for what they do.

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**T**HERE was not long since posted in one of the windows of a shop in Westminster,—“Music taught here;” and in the other,—“Ears bored here without pain.”

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### The Curse of Ignorance.

**T**HE wretch who digs the mine for bread,  
Or ploughs, that others may be fed,  
Feels less fatigue than that decreed  
To him that cannot think or read.

## Adventures in Japan, by Michael Kastoff.

[Continued from p. 89.]

## CHAPTER IV.

NOTWITHSTANDING this, I was guarded as strictly as ever, during my stay in this town, which lasted for nearly three weeks. This was a tedious confinement, for I longed to be rambling about, and satisfying my curiosity with the multitude of novelties around me. But the presence of the interpreter, with whom I could converse, was a great comfort. The governor also sent a physician to see that my health was not neglected. These persons, together with officers of the guard, usually spent half the day with me. They placed various objects before me, and asked the Russian names of them, which they wrote down each in a separate vocabulary. The physician knew considerable of geography. He had a fine terrestrial globe, made by a Japanese, in imitation of a European one, and several manuscript maps of Japan, which he often showed me. The Japanese officers and soldiers gave me a great deal of trouble, by constantly begging me to write something on their fans and pieces of paper. But as they always solicited the favor with great courtesy, and never failed to return thanks with very humble reverences, I never refused it. Some of these fellows, however, were so unconscionably greedy of such curiosities, as to bring me ten or twenty fans at a time, which I thought carrying the joke rather too far. This writing was always done with a hair pencil, as the Japanese never use pens.

During the night, I could hear the soldiers on guard going round the yard, every half hour, and striking the time on a drum. Those who were stationed in my room, though they never fell asleep, yet seemed to concern themselves little about me, but sat reading, playing draughts and cards, or smoking. An officer, who sat by a window looking into my prison, was almost wholly occupied in reading. The Japanese are great readers; even the common soldiers, when on duty, are never without books, which employ a great part of their time. This passion for literature, however, often proved an annoyance to me, as they always read aloud, and in a tone of voice resembling singing,—much in the style in which the psalms are read at funerals in Russia. Before I became accustomed to this, I was unable to enjoy a moment's rest during the night. I had the curiosity, always, to inquire the subject of these books, and found that the favorite works contained the history of Japan, the wars with the neighboring states, and the civil dissensions of the empire in old times. The books are all printed from solid wooden blocks. The Japanese are not acquainted with metal types.

As yet, the Japanese had not allowed me pen and ink for my own use, so that I was compelled to adopt the following singular method of keeping my journal. When any thing agreeable happened to me, I tied a knot on a white thread, which I drew from the frill of my shirt. When any unpleasant event occurred, I



tied a knot on a thread of black silk, taken out of my neck-handkerchief. With regard to other circumstances, which, though remarkable, occasioned me no precise joy or sorrow, I recorded them by knots on a thread of green, which I took from the lining of my coat. Often did I count over these knots, and recall to my mind the events which they served to denote. Those persons who have never tried this plan of keeping a journal, have no conception of the accuracy with which events may be fixed in the memory by so simple a process.

In about a fortnight, I was a second time carried before the governor. I took my place as on the first examination, and the governor, drawing several sheets of manuscript from his bosom, informed me, through the interpreter, that my former account of myself had been despatched to Jeddo, and that orders had been sent back for the strictest investigation of my case. The former questions were therefore repeated, and such an infinite number of new ones put to me, that I was wearied and puzzled half to death. It is impossible to describe the minuteness of all these inquiries, or the coolness with which the Japanese go through such a tedious and everlasting formality. For my part, I lost all patience, and frequently told the governor that, if he meant to worry me to death, he would do better to order my head to be chopped off. On these occasions he always apologized, begged that I would not take offence, hoped I would not do him the injustice to think he designed to give me any unnecessary trouble, and made so many civil excuses, and all in so mild and benevolent a manner, that I could not help being mollified. But

this did not prevent a repetition of the same tedious questioning.

The fact is, that, in consequence of the smallness of the Japanese territory, and its rigid separation from all the rest of the world, every communication with foreigners interests the whole country, and is regarded as an important event, which ought to be minutely investigated, and handed down to the latest posterity. The Japanese, therefore, were of opinion that not only all Russia, but all Europe, must be concerned in the business of my being left on the coast of their island. For this reason they did not always credit what I told them. Their doubts, and wonderings, and extraordinary questions, so irritated me, that I frequently asked them how they could suppose that an insignificant spot like Japan, the existence of which was not even known to many of the inhabitants of Europe, could engross the attention of every enlightened nation under the sun. At this they always laughed, instead of taking offence. These people are, indeed, not only excessively polite, but endowed with an extraordinary degree of patience. Every question was repeated twice or three times, and the interpreter was always told to note down every thing with the utmost exactness. They were frequently occupied more than an hour about a single question; but they never showed the least dissatisfaction. One question was, "*Who is the prophet of the weather on board the Russian ships?*" When I replied that this was no man's particular duty, but that the commander always guessed what weather was likely to happen, according to his own knowledge and the circumstances of the time, they were not a little

astonished ; for with the Japanese, a boat never puts to sea without a prophet of the weather on board.

Among other questions, I will mention one, which led to an explanation, showing the severe character of the Japanese morality, and the strictness of their laws. They asked me why a Russian ship had landed on one of their small islands some years ago, and carried away wood and rice without the consent of the owners. This was the case of one of our ships, which had exhausted her firing and provisions, and had obtained a supply in the above manner, although the commander left upon the shore a quantity of goods in pay for what he had taken, the Japanese having all fled at the approach of the ship. I explained this circumstance to them, and they inquired whether any law existed in Europe, which would authorize a thief to seize property in such an extremity. I told them there was no particular law touching these matters, but that if a man in a state of starvation chanced to fall in with a deserted house, and took therefrom what was necessary to save his life, he would not be declared guilty of robbery under any European law, particularly if he left articles equal in value to those which he took away. At this the Japanese testified great surprise, and informed me that their laws were very different ; “for,” said they, “the laws of Japan ordain that a man must sooner die of hunger, than touch, without the consent of the owner, a single grain of rice which does not belong to him.”

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

’Tis a base, ignoble mind  
That mounts no higher than a bird can soar.

## Mount Auburn.

[Continued from p. 82.]

THE monument of Choate will be found on Poplar Avenue ; that of Prichard on Oak Avenue. The monument of McLeod is on Willow Avenue. It bears two inscriptions, in one of which are these touching lines —

————— “She died, and left to me  
This spot — this calm and quiet scene ;  
The memory of what has been,  
And never more shall be.”

On Willow Avenue is also the monument of Martha Ann Fisher, who was the idol of many friends, and an object of admiration to every eye that beheld her. The inscription has this sentence : “She is not here — she is risen.”

In the same direction are the monuments of Wyman and Howe, Thayer, Mason, and Buckingham. The latter is an object of deep interest to all who knew in life the death-sleeper in the vault below.

The following lines, occasioned by the decease of Buckingham, and the authorship of which is ascribed to Mr. Sprague, appeared, not long after that event, in the New England Magazine, of which highly respectable publication he was a proprietor, as well as the editor, in connection with his father, for several years : —

“Spare him one little week, Almighty Power !  
Yield to his father’s house his dying hour ;  
Once more, once more let them, who held  
    him dear,  
But see his face, his faltering voice but hear.  
We know, alas ! that he is marked for death,  
But let his mother watch his parting breath :  
Oh ! let him die at home !

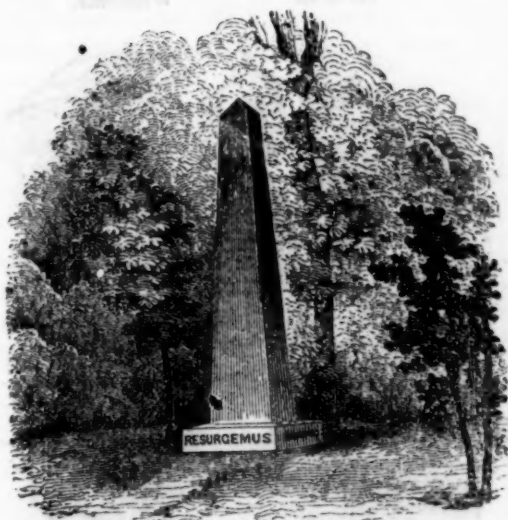
“It could not be  
At midnight, on a dark and stormy sea,



*Gedney King.*



*Choate.*



*Wiman and Howe.*



*Martha Ann Fisher.*

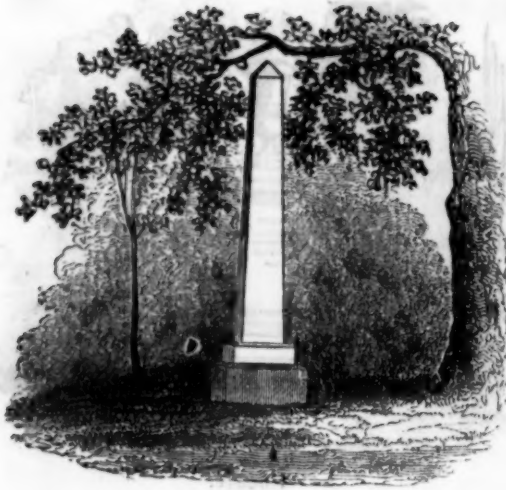
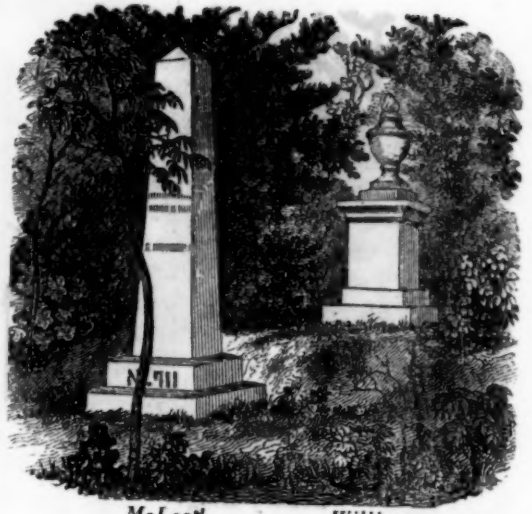
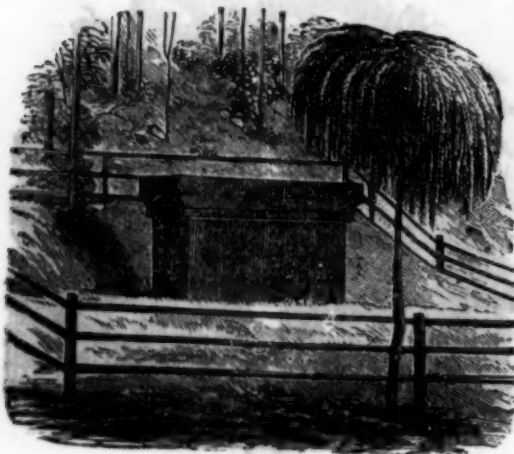


*Edwin Buckingham.*



*Fiske.*



*Prichard.**McLeoth**Williams.**Mason.**Thayer.**Gallagher.**Cushing.*



Far from his kindred and his native land,  
His pangs unsoothed by tender woman's hand,  
The patient victim in his cabin lay,  
And meekly breathed his blameless life away.

"Wrapped in the raiment that it long  
must wear,  
His body to the deck they slowly bear:  
How eloquent, how awful in its power,  
The silent lecture of Death's Sabbath hour!  
One voice that silence breaks — the prayer is  
said,

And the last rite man pays to man is paid:  
The plashing waters mark his resting-place,  
And fold him round in one long, cold embrace;  
Bright bubbles for a moment sparkle o'er,  
Then break, to be, like him, beheld no more;  
Down, countless fathoms down, he sinks to  
sleep,  
With all the nameless shapes that haunt the  
deep.'"

"Rest, loved one, rest — beneath the bil-  
low's swell,  
Where tongue ne'er spoke, where sunlight  
never fell;  
Rest — till the God who gave thee to the deep,  
Rouse thee, triumphant, from the long, long  
sleep.  
And you, whose hearts are bleeding, who de-  
plore  
That ye must see the wanderer's face no more,  
Weep — he was worthy of the purest grief;  
Weep — in such sorrow ye shall find relief;  
While o'er his doom the bitter tear ye shed,  
Memory shall trace the virtues of the dead;  
These cannot die — for you, for him they  
bloom,  
And scatter fragrance round his ocean tomb."

"Of all the burying-places for the  
dead," says the writer just quoted, "there  
is no one to be compared to the sea. Such  
multitudes are gathered together there, that,  
in the apostle's vision of the resurrection,  
one of its scenes could not fail to be this:  
'And the sea gave up the dead which were  
in it.' The sea is the

burying-place of the Old World; to them  
have been added thousands from the  
new, out of every clime and generation.  
The loss of a friend at sea occasions  
peculiar affliction, not only because of the  
separation from the sympathy and care  
of friends in the trying hour, but because  
the imagination is left to picture distress-  
ing events attending the death and burial;  
— the slowly sinking form; the ship, that  
had paused to leave it in the deep, sailing  
on; the under-currents taking it into their  
restless courses, till perhaps it is brought  
to the shores of its own home, or cast  
upon the rocks of a foreign land, or upon  
some lone island, or sunk to rest at the  
bottom of the deep, 'with the earth and  
her bars about it forever.' At the fam-  
ily tomb and the frequented grave, sor-  
row can make a definite complaint; but  
to weep through sleepless nights when the  
storm carries the accustomed thoughts to  
the sea, which had long detained the ex-  
pected friend, and now is known to have  
his form somewhere in its unrelenting  
holds, is affliction that receives new  
poignancy each time that the excited  
imagination presents a new image of dis-  
tress or terror. But could we divest our-  
selves of the natural disposition to dwell  
upon the sad associations of such a burial,  
we might feel that there is much attend-  
ing it to awaken sublime and pious emo-  
tions. No remains seem to be so pecu-  
liarly in the care of God, as those of one  
that is buried in the sea. The fact that  
'no man knoweth of his sepulchre,' leads  
the thoughts directly to God as the guar-  
dian of the dead, and makes us feel that  
as He only knew his lying down, He has  
taken him into his peculiar protection.  
'The sea is His;' its graves are all be-

fore him, and the forms which sleep there are as safe for the resurrection as any that repose in the monumental tomb."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## The Story of Valentine Duval.

[Continued from p. 77.]

### CHAPTER II.

**W**HAT, Valentine! is it because you are not hungry that you have not eaten your supper?" said Maclare, perceiving that the boy had hidden on a shelf the portion of bread and cheese which his wife had given him for supper.

"Pardon me, master," replied Valentine, confused at being detected; "but —"

"I see that you do not like cheese," replied the farmer roughly; "for a caretaker of turkeys, you are very particular."

"O master," said Valentine, getting more and more confused, "you must not believe —"

"What one sees — is that it?" said the wife. "I did not wish to be the first to make an observation; but since my goodman has seen you, why, then, I must speak. Valentine is squeamish, and requires to be pampered. It is no use to tell me that you are not so, Valentine. During the two years that you have been in our service, every time I gave you for your supper, instead of soup, either cheese, bacon, or butter, I have seen you lay it aside — to feed your turkeys, I think. I do not wish to say more, Valentine; but as it is so much loss to me,

since you did not like cheese, you might have returned it to me, and eaten dry bread."

"But I do like it, mistress; and I pray you not to mistake me — do not be angry with me. I wish to eat it; but —"

And Valentine, willing to prove what he had said to be true, mounted on a chair to reach the shelf where he had placed the remains of his supper; but in his anxiety to do so, the chair fell, bringing the boy with it.

"There, you have nearly broken your neck! I do not wish you to be standing on the chairs," said the farmer's wife, petulantly. "Stay, and I shall give you the cheese myself."

Speaking thus, she put her hand upon the shelf, and took the first thing she found — it was an apple.

"Well, well, who could have placed this here?" Not attaching much importance to it, she a second time put up her hand, and brought down a piece of bacon. "I wonder what next! The shelf is surely bewitched!" But her astonishment was indeed great, when, reaching up for the third time, she seized the leg of a boiled fowl, and, turning her eyes towards Valentine, she saw that he was weeping.

"O mother, mother!" cried he, in a voice broken by sobs.

"Will you tell me what this means?" said she, still searching on the shelf. "I am not much surprised at your dislike to the cheese or the bacon; but this fowl — such a nice piece of a pullet as this — if you had stolen these things to eat, I should say nothing; but to steal for the sole purpose of concealing them! Again another apple, some more cheese, and a

pot of butter, and crusts upon crusts : as sure as my name is Jacqueline, here are provisions enough to feed a regiment ! ”

“ Steal ! ” repeated Valentine, his grief changed into indignation ; “ and do you suppose I stole these things, mistress ? ”

“ They were not placed on the shelf without hands,” observed Maclare, looking at Valentine with severity.

“ I placed them there,” said Valentine.

“ Why did you place them there ? ” asked Jacqueline.

“ I will tell you all, mistress,” said Valentine, “ lest you should suppose that I have acted wrong.”

“ That is right, my boy ; be frank,” said Maclare ; “ to avow a fault is half the pardon.”

“ Alas ! master,” said Valentine, throwing a wistful glance at the provisions which Jacqueline had placed on the table, after taking them from the shelf, “ if you suppose that I do not like the cheese, nor the fowl, nor the butter, but particularly the fowl, you are indeed mistaken ; but if you had a mother and four brothers who were hungry, and who had but a morsel of dry bread to eat each day, would you not have a bad heart if you could refuse to share these good and nourishing things with them ? Well, it is to give them to my mother that I have kept them out of my own supper.”

“ Poor child ! And so you have deprived yourself of your supper to give it to your mother ? ”

“ O, it was no hardship, Madame Jacqueline. If you knew how happy and contented I felt when I placed something additional on the shelf ! ‘ This bacon will be for my mother,’ I said ; ‘ and this apple will be a treat to Paul ; and then

James, who loves butter, will have some on his bread ; ’ then, when the Sunday comes, — for, as you wished me not to go out during the week, I never do, and I never see them but on Sunday, — when you are gone to the dance, and I am left alone, how happy I feel when I take all that I have saved during the week, and, putting them in a basket, return home. O, to see the joy that my coming always brings ! and then they all crowd around me. ‘ What have you brought, Valentine ? O, how happy you must be to regale yourself all day on good things like these ! ’ The poor little fellows do not know how they have been obtained and I often wish that I could carry them more. My mother sometimes — my poor mother — says to me, ‘ Are you not depriving yourself to give to us, Valentine ? but I say, ‘ No, mother, indeed I am not ; and I tell the truth.”

“ You are a brave fellow, Valentine,” said Maclare, taking the boy’s two hands in his ; “ you are a good son and a kind brother ; and be assured that God will love you for it. But I do not wish that you should lose your supper, do you understand ? At your age it is right to eat. You must eat to get strong and grow big. Wife, you can add the remainder of the turkey we had for dinner to the provisions for the poor widow ; and, do you hear, you may as well give a crock of butter to Valentine to take with him ; and wife, the weather is cold enough to freeze a wolf, and this child must not suffer : you know the vest which I have not worn this long time — give it to him, and his mother can alter it for him.”

“ Is it the red vest, Maclare ? ” asked Jacqueline, who had already placed the



things indicated by her husband amongst Valentine's provisions.

"The red vest! — to frighten my turkeys! No, no; the blue one," said Maclare.

"Those are all stories, are they not, master, that red will frighten turkeys?" asked Valentine, all his good-humor returning.

"Stories! Certainly not, my boy."

"It is true, then. Explain that to me, master."

"He is a queer child," said Jacqueline, laughing; "he wishes to have every thing explained to him — he must know the why and wherefore of whatever he sees. This summer he destroyed my best apple-croaster that he might examine the heavens; and yesterday he thought to poison himself with some herbs which he had boiled to find out their virtue. Red frightens turkeys because it frightens them; there is no other cause than that."

"But that is not a reason, Dame Jacqueline. *Why* are they afraid of red?"

"You do not understand that my wife wishes to say that they are afraid of red — therefore they are afraid," said Maclare. "Why, there is no other reason: be satisfied with our explanation."

"But answer me one question — only one, master; when a person is afraid of any thing — when you are afraid — you know why."

"That is because I am a man, and I have reason, Valentine; but the turkeys are afraid without knowing why."

"'Tis very strange," said Valentine, "not to know why turkeys have such a fear of red; but," added he, speaking to himself, "I shall know before long; no matter what master says."

The next morning, his thoughts were still engaged in ruminating on the previous evening's conversation; and he never ceased until he had procured a piece of red cloth, which he hid inside his coat; then, driving the turkeys before him, he reached the border of the pond where it was usual for him to remain with them each day. Waiting until the hour had arrived at which the inhabitants of Anthenay went to chapel, leaving him at liberty to make his experiments without being perceived, he commenced his operations. He chose the finest of the turkeys, and, having attached the piece of red cloth to its neck, he let go the bird, and, quietly folding his arms, watched the result.

In an instant the turkey puffed himself up, regarding with terror the red color mingled with his feathers, and after two or three unsuccessful attempts to disengage himself from the annoyance, became furious. Valentine was delighted at these essays; but his joy was soon over. After struggling for some time with the piece of cloth, and finding that the annoyance was not to be removed in this manner, the silly turkey, believing that by flying he could escape the enemy, spread its wings and hurried away; Valentine following its movements with anxiety. The turkey continued flying; but, unused to such fatigue, soon fell; the boy ran and took it up. It was dead!

Valentine then felt all the danger of his experiment. It was the most beautiful turkey of the entire flock. What would Maclare say, or what excuse could he give him? Alas! he had not to wait long in suspense. As he returned, sad and pensive, with the dead bird in his



hand, to where the remainder of the flock were feeding, he met his master.

"My turkey!" exclaimed Maclare; and seeing the piece of red cloth around the neck of the fowl, he added, in anger, "Mischievous urchin! you have been again trying your experiments; but as I have no idea of being any longer the victim of such a thirst for knowledge, get away with you, and never let me see you again."

So saying, he snatched the turkey from Valentine, and, pointing to the road, made a sign which could not be misunderstood, and walked towards his cottage.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### Whang, the Miller.

WHANG, the miller, was naturally avicious; nobody loved money better than he, or more respected those that had it. When people would talk of a rich man in company, Whang would say, "I know him very well; he and I have been long acquainted; he and I are intimate." But if ever a poor man was mentioned, he had not the least knowledge of him: he might be very well, for aught he knew; but he was not fond of making many acquaintances, and loved to choose his company. Whang, however, with all his eagerness for riches, was poor. He had nothing but the profits of his mill to support him; but, though these were small, they were certain: while it stood and went, he was sure of eating; and his frugality was such that he every day laid some money by, which he would at intervals count and contemplate with much satisfaction. Yet still

his acquisitions were not equal to his desires; he only found himself above want, whereas he desired to be possessed of affluence.

One day, as he was indulging these wishes, he was informed that a neighbor of his had found a pan of money underground, having dreamed of it three nights running before. These tidings were daggers to the heart of poor Whang. "Here am I," says he, "toiling and moiling from morning to night for a few paltry farthings, while neighbor Thanks only goes quietly to bed, and dreams himself into thousands before morning. O that I could dream like him! With what pleasure would I dig round the pan! How slily would I carry it home! Not even my wife should see me; and then, O the pleasure of thrusting one's hand into a heap of gold up to the elbow!" Such reflections only served to make the miller unhappy; he discontinued his former assiduity; he was quite disgusted with small gains, and his customers began to forsake him. Every day he repeated the wish, and every night laid himself down in order to dream.

Fortune, that was for a long time unkind, at last, however, seemed to smile upon his distresses, and indulged him with the wished-for vision. He dreamed that under a certain part of the foundation of his mill there was concealed a monstrous pan of gold and diamonds, buried deep in the ground, and covered with a large, flat stone. He concealed his good luck from every person, as is usual in money dreams, in order to have the vision repeated the two succeeding nights, by which he should be certain of its truth. His wishes in this also were answered;

ne still dreamed of the same pan of money in the very same place.

Now, therefore, it was past a doubt; so, getting up early the third morning, he repaired alone, with a mattock in his hand, to the mill, and began to undermine that part of the wall which the vision directed. The first omen of success that he met was a broken ring; digging still deeper, he turned up a house-ule, quite new and entire. At last, after much digging, he came to a broad, flat stone, but then so large that it was beyond man's strength to remove it. "There!" cried he in raptures to himself, "here it is; under this stone there is room for a very large pan of diamonds indeed. I must e'en go home to my wife, and tell her the whole affair, and get her to assist me in turning it up." Away, therefore, he goes, and acquaints his wife with every circumstance of their good fortune.

Her raptures on this occasion may easily be imagined; she flew round his neck, and embraced him in an agony of joy; but those transports, however, did not allay their eagerness to know the exact sum; returning, therefore, together to the place where Whang had been digging, there they found—not, indeed, the expected treasure—but the mill, their only support, undermined and fallen to the ground.

**B**ONNETS made of *spun glass and silk*, were exhibited at the late national fair at Washington. It is stated that each bonnet contains 140,000 yards of spun glass. The price of these elegant articles was fixed at twenty dollars each.

## The Story of Chicama.

[Continued from p. 22.]

### CHAPTER VI.

**T**HE interview between the inca and the young Spaniard continued. "I am disappointed," said the former, after a long pause. "I had fondly deemed that these strange persons, who have landed on our shores, and who seem to be gifted with more than mortal power, were of the race of Manco Capac, lineal descendants of the sun, my own kindred, and that to them I might look for aid in a present emergency.

"I must tell you, Spaniard, that my father, the mighty Huayna Capac, was the twelfth monarch, who had sat on the incarial throne, from the time of Manco Capac. He was a great king, and a mighty conqueror. He extended his sway in all directions, and added the powerful kingdom of Quito to his dominions. In the capital of this province he often resided, and it became a rival to Cusco, the ancient metropolis.

"My father, seduced by some evil power to depart from the golden laws of the empire, forbidding the inca to marry out of the royal line, wedded the daughter of the king of Quito. By her he had a son, to whom was given the name of Atahualpa. At his death, my father bequeathed to me, his only lawful child, and his eldest born, the ancient empire of Peru: on Atahualpa he bestowed the kingdom of Quito.

"Though this was alike a wrong to the laws and to me, I should have submitted; but the ambitious Atahualpa, not content to abide a father's decree, has laid claim to

the whole empire; and, after a severe struggle, he has triumphed in his wicked attempt to deprive me of my rights. I am now little better than a prisoner of state. I am permitted to wander about from place to place, but my attendants are chiefly unarmed: we are environed by watchful bands of troops, and while Atahualpa revels in the splendors of the incarial throne, Huascar Capac, the true inca, the unspotted reflection of the sun, is committed to the care of priests, and commended to his devotions.

"Nor is even this all. The evil-minded Atahualpa has caused the lineal heirs of the throne to be slain; and he only permits me to live, that he may strengthen his interest with the people, by pretending to reign in my place, and by my assent. Such is the humiliating condition of Huascar Capac. I am a king, yet not a king; I am a child of the sun, yet a despised prisoner; I am an inca, yet only a thing to be looked upon with pity; I am placed on a throne, but to make all the world point at my disgrace. All eyes are gazing at me, but only to see the fallen inca."

Here the emotion of the dethroned monarch was extreme. His throat seemed choked for a time. He rose from his couch, and looked around with a fierce, yet bewildered air. A strong sensation ran through the assembly, though the words that had fallen from the inca were only heard by Orano, Chicama, and a few officers of state, around the king. After a short space, the king proceeded.

"I have told thee, Spaniard, child of the east, a monarch's sorrows. Let no one envy a king; for his griefs are in proportion to his greatness. I have only

been elevated to the skies by my birth—to be dashed farther and more fatally down to earth.

"Yet I mourn not for myself alone. The dominion of the incas was founded in peace. Our monarchs were like their father, the sun, the dispensers of benefits alone. As the great source of light, and heat, and life, leaves the work of desolation, and disease, and death, to the cloud and the tempest, to the whirlwind, the waterspout, and the seasons, so Manco Capac and his successors left wars, and bloodshed, and torture, and imprisonment, to savage kings and chiefs.

"I mourn, Spaniard, that this golden age of Peru is fled; that this high boast of our dynasty is no longer fit for an inca's tongue. I mourn that the serpent ambition crept into my father's bosom. The sun is said to shine in the heavens; but to me it is henceforth dimmed with spots. The light shines not on the hill and the vale, as in the days of my youth. The landscape has lost its loveliness. The human face is no longer human. I see marks of blood on every countenance.

"One hope had indeed risen in my bosom. I heard of the wondrous band led hither by Pizarro. I heard that their weapons wielded the thunder and the lightning. I heard that soldiers, mounted on fleet and fiery beasts, united the cunning and skill of men to the agility and strength of brutes. I heard that they had swords glittering as silver, and sharp as the points of diamonds. I heard that they were invincible. I heard that every thing fell helpless before that wondrous people.

"And I asked myself, 'Whence such a



miracle? Why such a mighty apparition at this moment?" I connected the event with my own fortunes and those of my kingdom. I fancied that this prodigy was sent to aid me to hurl Atahualpa from his usurped elevation; to restore the lawful sovereign to his throne; to bring back the empire of Peru to its ancient dominion of peace and prosperity.

"Yet in these golden hopes, it seems, I am likely to be disappointed. You say, Spaniard, that you have never heard of Manco Capac; that you came from across the sea; that you are servants of a mighty king, who reigns in the land of the rising sun. Yet you know nothing of the incas. Alas for bleeding Peru! alas for despised, dethroned, imprisoned, degraded Huascar Inca!

"Still, I will send messengers to the fearful Pizarro. I will state to him my wrongs. I will lay before him the wrongs of my people. I will make him see the wickedness of my rival, in dismembering an ancient empire, in introducing bloodshed into a peaceful country, in substituting the reign of violence for the reign of justice, mercy, and truth. I will appeal to him in behalf of humanity and eternal right. Pizarro, it is said, is powerful above mortals. Superhuman power is only bestowed by Heaven upon the good, the benignant, the merciful, the just."

The inca paused. He then turned to Orano, spoke a few words in his own tongue, and Chicama was conducted out of the hall. He was then taken to the apartments he had before occupied, the door was closed, and he was once more left to himself.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## Value of the Bible.

**W**HAT an invaluable blessing is it to have the Bible in our own language! It is not only the oldest, but the best book in the world. Our English forefathers rejoiced when they were first favored with the opportunity of reading it for themselves.

Infidels may reject, and the licentious may sneer; but no one who ever wished to take away this foundation-stone could produce any other equal to it, on which the structure of a pious mind, a solid hope, a comfortable state, or wise conduct, could be raised.

We are told that, when Archbishop Cranmer's edition of the Bible was printed in 1538, and fixed to a desk in the English parish churches, the ardor with which men flocked to read it was incredible. They who could, procured it, and they who could not, crowded to read it, or to hear it read, in churches. It was common to see little assemblies of mechanics meeting together for that purpose after the labor of the day. Many even learned to read in their old age, that they might have the pleasure of instructing themselves from the Scriptures.

**W**AITER," said a traveller at a country inn, "bring me a newspaper." "Sir," said the waiter, "we are badly off for papers at present; the *Day* is lost, we have no *Sun*, a captain of a ship is reading the *Pilot*, and the only one appears to be that on the table, an old *Times*. The *Star* is expected shortly to appear, as it comes sometimes with the *Traveller*."



## "Take Care of Number One."

[Continued from p. 94.]

### CHAPTER XI.

JACOB soon found himself at liberty, and, getting into the public road, pushed rapidly forward. For a time, he was afraid of being pursued, and frequently looked back, to see if any one was following him. The slightest sound startled him, and, in the darkness, he frequently imagined a stump or a bush to be a man coming to arrest him.

For three hours he pushed on, his mind chiefly occupied with the idea of escape. But he now thought the danger of pursuit was passed, and, having thrown aside his disguise, began to think of other things. "What am I to do? Where am I to go? What is to be my fate hereafter? Where is to be my home? Shall I be an outcast—a wanderer over the face of the earth? Shall no one care for me, and speak of me, or say, 'Where is Jacob Karl?'"

These or similar queries came up in his mind, until, at last, his thoughts turned upon his late unhappy experience. His course of life at farmer Lane's; his awkward misadventures there, in respect to the eggs, the walnuts, and the berries; the charge of firing Granther Baldwin's barn; the pursuit; the arrest; the interview with lawyer Sponge; his commitment to prison; his long and weary confinement,—all passed in rapid review. And then other recollections came,—the visit of Mabel Lane, and his escape through the aid and ingenuity of Luther Munn.

While the former incidents were remembered with pain and aversion, the

latter flashed upon the youth's bosom like passages of sunshine. He was not enough of a moralist to see the reason of this; and two things puzzled him sorely—"Why did Mabel Lane come to see me? And why did she look so sad? And why did she give me all her money?"

This Jacob dwelt upon for a long time. There was something in the girl's conduct which pleased him, and touched his heart even to tears. But it was so different from his "take care of number one" philosophy—so utterly opposed to the selfish policy which had formed the basis of his conduct—as to be a riddle and a mystery to his understanding.

But if Jacob could not explain Mabel's conduct, that of the thin, skinny, rickety little Luther Munn was still more beyond his comprehension. The latter had formerly, and the first time he had ever seen him, showed him great kindness; had given him advice, and put in his possession his father's will. In his late trouble, Luther had taken great interest in his affairs; had contrived his escape; had given him twenty dollars, and finally had taken his place in prison. This was marvellous—indeed, to Jacob's turn of thinking, highly absurd.

It is true Luther had offered something which he deemed explanation of his conduct. Jacob's father had done him a kindness, and he wished to show his gratitude by aiding his son. And beside, Luther said it was a good way not to be selfish, but to think of others—"to do to others as we should wish others to do to us." At first, this seemed to Jacob about as ridiculous as to tell a man to take the left-hand road, if he wished to reach a place which lay on the right-hand road.

But one thing, on this point, arrested the boy's attention. Luther said this was the rule of Jacob's own father, in his better days—and that his selfish advice to Jacob himself, to "*take care of number one*," was only the wayward talk of an old, broken-down man. Here was something for him to consider seriously; for, although his father had been any thing but kind to him, he was a parent, and exercised while living, and now through the force of remembrance, a decided influence upon the son.

We cannot say that Jacob's reflections upon these topics resulted at once in any clear understanding of the principles which they involved. Though he had been brought up in a Christian country, he was little better than a heathen as to rules of truth, duty, and conscience. Of religion, as furnishing a light to the path, in the mazy and tangled ways of life, he knew nothing. But he had now commenced the study of right and wrong. Two touching examples of kindness and charity had been placed before him; and these had been referred to a rule, a principle—Do to another as you would have another do to you. So much had been established in his mind, and thus the seed of a wide harvest of reflections had been sown.

Pursuing the high road, Jacob travelled sturdily and steadily till break of day. As he came to the top of a hill, he saw the town of K—in the distance, and the bright surface of the river or creek upon which it is situated. Moving on, and keeping in the outskirts of the place, the youth came to the little harbor, and, going on board a brig loading with lum-

ber, inquired of the captain if he wanted a cabin boy.

The answer was gruff, and the gaze of the captain, as he ran his eye up and down the dusty and jaded figure of Jacob, was so searching as to make him wince. "What's your name?" at last said the captain, suddenly. Jacob was taken by surprise; but he replied, "Jacob, sir."—"O, Jacobson?" said the captain; "that's an odd name enough. But what's your Christian name?"—"Jacob," was the reply.—"Jacob Jacobson," said the captain, smiling. "I guess your father and mother meant to have the name of Jacob stick to the family, any how. Have you ever been to sea?"

"No, sir," said Jacob.—"Well," said the captain, "we'll try you. Lay down your bundle—there! Now let go the halliards, you!"

"What, sir?" said the youth. "There—there!" said the captain in a loud voice, pointing to a small rope coiled around a hook on the mast. "Why don't you let go?"

"I ain't touching nothin!" said Jacob, in a complete bewilderment. "O you lubber," said the captain, "you do not know a marline-spike from a tooth-pick. Go below and put the cabin in order. Belay there! belay! Now, men, go forward, men, and get up the anchor."

While the captain said this, making his men jump about like galvanized frogs, Jacob went below, and busied himself in putting things in order. He had not been long thus occupied, when he heard the grating of the cable, the groaning of the capstan, and the thumping and jump-

ing of the men. In a short space, the swing and tipping of the vessel showed that she was under way. "Now, at least," said Jacob, "I am safe." And with a lightened heart, he continued to perform the task assigned him.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## Our Correspondence.

A VARIETY of circumstances — absence, ill-health, etc. — must be our excuse for seeming neglect of our correspondence for the last two months. We now sit down to give an account of the various parcels before us — with post-marks from all the four winds. This is a pleasant part of our duty; for, although, once in a while, we get a sharp cut for something said or done, or something not said or done, — on the whole, our good little friends are kind, and even flattering, seeming to think that, at least, *we desire and try* to please them. If, now and then, old Peter Parley stubs his toe, or Bob Merry makes a slip with his wooden leg, our readers seem disposed to let it pass, and make the best of it. Thank you, kindly, Black eyes and Blue.

E. F. P., of Gilmanton, correctly solves the puzzle of J. M. P. in the February number of the Museum. The word is *Commonwealth*.

Our thanks are due to Miss S. E. W——s, of Vergennes, Vermont, for a very neat and pleasant letter.

E. H. N. P., of Robinsnest, Illinois, has sent us a well-written letter, in which he gives a lively description of the Indians of the west, and offers some judicious criticisms upon the letters of our correspondents.

J. V. K. thinks our correspondents of the west surpass our Yankee letter-writers in life, spirit, and interest, and asks, —

"May not New England boast as great  
As any middle, southern, western state?"

J. L. F. guesses that the solution of the enigma in the February number is "*the whale that swallowed Jonah*;" that the one in the May number refers to a *foot-stool*; and the one in the same number sent by E. K. P., means the letter E. J. L. F. guesses right.

The acrostical lines on the seasons by E. R. P. are quite ingenious.

J. W. M., Jun., of Lynchburg, Virginia, has our thanks; but he will see that we have not space for his communication. We may say the same to W. E. J.; W. M. S.; W. B. W——s; J. E. T——e; L. G. R., of Glastonbury; F. W. C., &c. &c.

We have very neatly written and pleasant epistles from "Harriet —" of Brooklyn; E. G——d, of Edinia. We shall probably find a place, at some future day, for J. G. and E. R. P.

The following is amusing, and from an interesting quarter.

*Wyoming Post-Office, Wyoming Valley, 1846.*

DEAR SIR:

WE subscribed for your Museum, and we prize it very much.

We thought that you wrote all the letters yourself, and only pretended that they came from somebody else, until we read the letter from Wyoming. Then we knew you did not write that letter. Wyoming Valley is not on the "west side of the Susquehanna River" only, but on both sides of it. Have you ever seen a longish kind of a dish, irregularly broken, and mended through the middle,



with the small piece wanting at each end of the dish? That is nearly a fac-simile of this lovely valley.

The mountains are all around us, yet mostly so gentle in ascent, that they are cultivated up to the top. The river comes in and goes out of the valley, through the mountains, having very high and almost perpendicular cliffs at the ingress and egress. The valley is on either side of the river. The large Indian bones were found in the lower end of the valley. There was a miniature painting of a female found in one of the graves, but so defaced that we could not tell whose it was. Probably it was given to the Indians by the British queen, to encourage them to kill and scalp the women and children in America. Put a few fried eggs into your mended dish, and let them represent the hills and dales of this ever-varying landscape, and you will have a fair plan of it. But you must come and eat eggs *in it*, if you wish to know all about it. We would be so glad to see you! We send you a thing for young folks to find out. It is one word. Out of the letters in it may be made a great many words, and some sentences that we think are curious and funny. We send you enough for any one to find out who is good at spelling.

A man can scare a ram. Men can race a mare. Armies, in arms, came near, in rain, in cars. Are mice nice in rice ice creams? Is sir in a name? Mine is, as I remain,

SAM ACRES MAINE.

P. S. Father says that "Washington" has ten letters, and that of course that is not the answer to a name that has only nine. Is it?

We welcome the following letter, as it assures us that we have friends, even beyond the wide limits of our thirty states. You have noble names, my lads, — Heber and Hobart, — and I hope will bear them worthily.

Clarenceville, Canada East, July 25, 1846

DEAR MR. MERRY:

Will you permit two little twin boys, only nine years old, who are the constant readers of your beautiful Museum, to write to so great a man as we think you must be, who give so much pleasure, every month, to so many children through the whole country?

We live several hundred miles north of your great city, in the British province called Canada, which we suppose many of your young readers think is almost out of the world; but you may tell them that the same sun, and moon, and stars, shine here as in the United States, — the same beautiful blue sky is arched over our heads, and the same beautiful stories and pictures amuse and instruct us

We suppose all your young friends know that there are a great many French people in Canada, and think that all English children living here must learn to speak that language

As your July number of the Museum contains a request for a translation of two little ditties, which have been sung so much to us in our nursery that we shall never forget them, we will venture to put them down here, even though the translation should not be very elegant —

Little Bo Peep

Has lost his sheep,

And knows not where to find them;

O, leave them alone;

They will all come home,

And each have his tail behind him.

Girls and boys, come out alway;

The moon is brilliant as the day;

Come with shout and joyous call,

Come with a good will, or come not at all.

We should like very much to be acquainted with your young correspondent *Carolus*, from Augusta; and as we have seen no answer to his conundrum on the name of the national hero, in January last, we offer him our acquaintance in the following rather awkward solution: —



*Goa's a town in Hindostan ;  
Oats are a useful kind of grain ;  
Washing's what young boys often need ;  
And wit is dangerous indeed ;  
Night is ordained for man to rest ;  
Gin snares a drunkard — or a — beast ;  
Hin was in ancient time a measure ;  
And vocal music is a treasure ;  
The monster of the soul is sin ;  
A metal good, though base, is tin ;  
The saw's a rough but useful tool ;  
And Washington was not a fool.*

Although you should not think this letter worth being noticed in your Museum, yet we hope you will include us in the number of your very dear friends.

HEBER & HOBART T.

The following is an amusing, though literal translation of the little poems in French, inserted in the July number of the Museum.

*Little Bo Button  
Has lost his mutton,  
And does not know where to find him ;  
O, leave him alone ;  
And he will come to town,  
A dragging his tail after him.*

Boys and girls, come away ;  
The moon is as brilliant as the day ;  
Come with a noisy and joyful bawl ;  
Come with a good heart, or don't come at all.

By E. S., *West Aldbergh.*

*Franklin, St. Mary's Parish, )  
Attakapas Co., La., April, 1846. }*

MR. ROBERT MERRY :

DEAR SIR : Did you ever hear any thing of the land of *Attakapas* ? If you did, we think you never told your little readers about it ; and no doubt you are waiting for those of them who live here to inform the others.

We set in your Museum for each of the last two years, a letter from the boot-shaped

state, both dated in this sunny month of April, — with us a bright and flowery time. But one of them came from the *instep*, and the other from the *leg*, of the boot ; and now we think it is high time you should hear from the *heel*. From all that our young friends in the north may have learned in their geographies concerning this country, they may think it to be a vast, unbroken swamp, fit only for the abode of alligators, water-snakes, and all sorts of ugly vermin and hobgoblins. If so, they will thank us for correcting these notions.

True, we could show them a few alligators along our bayous ; but we could also show them many *prettier* things.

Attakapas — pronounced At-tak-a-paw, and vulgarly *Tuk-a-paw* — is the name of a section of country, here called a *county*, comprising four parishes in the southern and western portion of the state, through which parishes the bayous or rivers Teche (Taish) and Vermilion find their way to the Gulf of Mexico. It is the name of an Indian tribe, who used once to roam, in the pride of their independence, over these fair regions. Now, only here and there a lonely remnant of their race is to be seen among us.

Their wigwams have long since given place to the dwellings of the pale-face and of the darker skin, and their hunting-grounds to rich fields of cane, corn, and cotton. Indeed, we think this a charming country ; and we must think that if you, Mr. Merry, had known how attractive it is, and how many young friends you have here, you could not have passed through the sugar state, as we learn that you have lately done, without being led to pay us a visit.

Doubtless you were delighted with the Mississippi coast. You would have been no less so with the Bayou Teche and its vicinity. You would have seen more of the varied and simple grandeur of nature, combined with the improvements of art. Instead of plunging a mighty torrent which flowed above the level of the adjacent lands, apparently threatening to overleap its embankments, and carry your steamer careering across some man's plantation, you would glide along the bosom

of a plain stream, — a fine natural levee canal, — winding gently between its own pebbly banks, which slope gradually back to a elevation (low) 10 to 20 feet above its waters and spread into level plains crowned luxuriantly — sometimes on both sides — with fields over-  
ing with the golden cane; but generally on one by the heavy forest growth, clothed in its green foliage and gray drapery of mosses bordering the banks, you would see numerous gardens and grassy plots, well set with ornamental, fruit and shade trees, among which are the peach, plum, orange, and fig, — the new blooming chrysanthemum, and ranunculus, and the majestic live oak, widely branching in its evergreen over the waters that float the steamer.

Back towards the Vernaison, and on farther west, stretch extensive prairies dotted here and there with "islands" of woodland, and clumps of trees, with the fields and houses of the settlers, and swarming with herds of numberless beavers. But we must stop, ere we have well begun to tell you about all the beauties of our matchless Atakapas. We only wish to give you a few hints sufficient to awaken your curiosity and induce you to call on us, if ever again you come so near as New Orleans, believing that then you would agree with us in pronouncing this region — to say the least — one of the gardens of the world. One little village, with its sheltering and many beautiful trees, may lack the uniform neatness of buildings in your New England towns; but still we think it very pleasant to visit. It is the seat of justice for the parish of St. Mary, which, last year, produced more than 20,000 hogheads of sugar; — and more than any other parish in the state. It is a port of entry on the right bank of the Roubidoux, and is visited annually by a number of vessels from the Atlantic cities. We have an flourishing school, called the "Franklin Institute," with male and female departments; and we are preparing for a joyful celebration of the approaching 1st of May. If it comes off cheerily, we may tell you about it in future.

During the past year or two, many of us have formed with you, through the "Ata-

kaspa" a very agreeable acquaintance, which we have no cherish and increase. One or two at least of your readers in this parish, had the pleasure of greeting you in the city recently. They will not soon forget you, and we should not be surprised, though you were absent, should you visit some day in Boston or New-  
York, and could give the proof (than mere words) that you have friends and admirers in this locality. Whether the information given you in that "secret" letter from Baton Rouge, Jan. 24th, was ever carried into effect, we know not; but from your silence since, we suppose it was not. We have never seen the latter describing the process of raising and manufacturing sugar; but we hope to furnish you one in a few months, and that some of our parents will permit us to accompany it with a pertinent "Pledgure" for the length of this epistle; and we will hasten to subscribe; — in behalf of many of your readers whose native tongue is the French as well as of ourselves. —

Most truly yours,

Pour tous les Atakapas.

P. S. — The above has been read before the scholars in the "Franklin Institute," and approved and adopted by them.

Truly yours,

A. P.

The following lines are from one who wishes her name concealed. I know her name; boys, but you need not come to me; for Bob Merry can keep a secret. All I have to say is, that it begins with W.

#### BROST ON THE WINDOWS.

Wake up, my love! The moon and hands

Have been at work all night;

And the tressery of my hands

Is on our window white.

Wake up! There is many a splendid tower,

And many a graceful tree.

They will be as good as the hour;

Wake up, my love, and see!

O, there's an ardent office  
With flowers upon its brow;  
There's a majestic precipice,  
And a little lake below,  
And a river lightly gliding there  
Among the hawking trees:  
It seems that I can almost hear  
The whispering of the breeze.

And O, the flowers of Fairy land  
Are fairer far than ours;  
But they shrink, at every mortal's hand,  
Back to their own bright bowers.  
That one sweet rose-bud—O, 'twas such  
As I would pinch for thee;  
But, alas! it melted in my touch.  
Come, come, my love, and see!"

O, Fairy land is beautiful,  
And I would that I might fly  
Away from earth, so cold and dull,  
In the twinkling of an eye!—  
But I would take thee with me, love,  
For I should lonely be  
Without thee even there to see—  
Waiter up, my love, and see!"

M.

Henry B.—has sent us a good translation of the French poems before mentioned.

The following is capital—but what a queer thing it is, that sometimes they call me "old Peter Parley."—Well, I shan't grumble about it.

My own Father, Brown Poems:

One day, last fall, I was in a bookstore in Boston, and saw upon the counter one of your magazines for the month of October. Remembering the delight with which I once read every thing which had your name on it, I looked over its pages, heartily wishing I was a boy again, that I might realize the peculiar joy I then felt, when my kind father used to bring home a new book from your magic pen. When I came to the article called "Days of my Youth," by Thomas Hood, I read those sweet verses with emo-

tions I could hardly conceal. With him I said to myself,—

"No wonder that I sometimes sigh,  
And dash the tear-drop from my eyes,  
To seek a lost, beloved."

A few years ago, while reading that little poem, which is so familiar to us all, by the same author, commencing,

"I remember, I remember,  
The house where I was born,"

I jotted down, in a sort of parody, my own recollections concerning departed boyhood. They came to mind again as I held in my hand your magazine; and I thought, when I went home, I would hunt up the verses and send them to you for publication. Circumstances have prevented my doing so till now, but I trust they will be none the less likely to interest some of your readers.

I remember, I remember,  
The school where I was taught;  
The tingling nerve often met  
To rouse my sleeping thought;  
It never spared my trembling hand,  
Nor softer grew by use;  
And now, I often wish its force  
Had let my spirit loose.

I remember, I remember,  
The master, stern and strict,  
The playthings and the story-books,  
He from my pockets picked;  
The trifling griefs of that young time  
Of grown and bitter pain;  
Yet now I'd leave my manhood's prime,  
To be a boy again.

I remember, I remember,  
Where I was used to roam,  
And thought the hums I loved so well  
Were once some angel's home;  
My dreams were ever blessed then,  
That are so gloomy now,  
And when I from my pillow rose,  
I felt no aching brow.

of a placid stream, — a fine natural ship canal, — winding gently between its own proper banks, which slope gradually back to an elevation from 10 to 20 feet above its waters, and spread into level plains crowned luxuriantly — sometimes on both sides — with fields waving with the golden cane, but generally on one by the heavy forest growth, clothed in its green foliage and gray drapery of moss. Bordering the bayou, you would see numerous gardens and grassy plats, well set with ornamental, fruit and shade trees, among which are the peach, plum, orange, and fig, — the now blooming china, catalpa, and magnolia, and the majestic live oak, widely branching in its evergreen over the waters that float the steamer.

Back towards the Vermilion, and on farther west, stretch extensive prairies, dotted here and there with "islands" of woodland, and clumps of trees, with the fields and houses of the settlers, and swarming with herds of numberless beeves. But we must stop, ere we have well begun to tell you about all the beauties of our matchless Attakapas. We only wish to give you a few hints sufficient to awaken your curiosity, and induce you to call on us, if ever again you come so near as New Orleans, believing that then you would agree with us in pronouncing this region — to say the least — *one of the gardens* of the world. Our little village, with its shell walks and many beautiful trees, may lack the uniform neatness of buildings in your New England towns; but still we think it very pleasant as it is. It is the seat of justice for the parish of St. Mary, which, last year, produced more than 20,000 hogsheads of sugar, — and more than any other parish in the state. It is a port of entry on the right bank of the Teche, and is visited annually by a number of vessels from the Atlantic cities. We have a flourishing school, called the "Franklin Institute," with male and female departments; and we are preparing for a jolly celebration of the approaching 1st of May. If it comes off cleverly, we may tell you about it in future.

During the past year or two, many of us have formed with you, through the "Mu-

seum," a very agreeable acquaintance, which we hope to cherish and increase. One or two, at least, of your readers in this parish, had the pleasure of greeting you in the city recently. They will not soon forget you; and we should not be surprised, — though you might, — should you find some day in Boston a more positive and tangible proof than mere words, that you have friends and admirers in this vicinity. Whether the intimation given you in that "sweet" letter from Baton Rouge, in 1844, was ever carried into effect, we know not; but from your silence since, we suppose it was not. We have never seen the letter describing the process of raising and manufacturing sugar; but we hope to furnish you one in a few months, and that some of our parents will permit us to accompany it with a specimen. Pardon us for the length of this epistle, and we will hasten to subscribe, — in behalf of many of your readers whose native tongue is the French, as well as of ourselves, —

Most truly yours,

Pour tous les Attakapas.

P. S. — The above has been read before the scholars in the "Franklin Institute," and approved and adopted by them.

Truly yours,

A. P.

The following lines are from one who wishes her name concealed. I know her name, boys, but you need not come to me; for Bob Merry can keep a secret. All I have to say is, that it begins with M.

#### FROST ON THE WINDOWS.

Wake up, my love! The unseen hands  
Have been at work last night;  
And the tracery of fairy lands  
Is on our windows white.  
Wake up! There's many a splendid tower,  
And many a graceful tree.  
They will but stay a little hour:  
Wake up, my love, and see!



O, there's an avalanche of ice  
 With flowers upon its brow;  
 There's a majestic precipice,  
 And a little lake below,  
 And a river lightly gliding there  
 Among the bowering trees:  
 It seems that I can almost hear  
 The whispering of the breeze.

And O, the flowers of fairy land  
 Are fairer far than ours;  
 But they shrink, at every mortal's hand,  
 Back to their own bright bowers.  
 That one sweet rose-bud — O, 'twas such  
 As I would pluck for thee;  
 But, alas! it melted at my touch.  
 Come, come, my love, and see!

O, fairy land is beautiful,  
 And I would that I might fly  
 Away from earth, so cold and dull,  
 In the twinkling of an eye! —  
 But I would take thee with me, love,  
 For I should lonely be  
 Without thee even there to rove —  
 Wake up, my love, and see!

M.

Henry B— has sent us a good translation of the French poems before mentioned.

The following is capital — but what a queer thing it is, that sometimes they call me "old Peter Parley." — Well, I shan't grumble about it.

MY OLD FRIEND, PETER PARLEY:

ONE day, last fall, I was in a bookstore in Boston, and saw upon the counter one of your magazines for the month of October. Remembering the delight with which I once read every thing which had your name on it, I looked over its pages, heartily wishing I was a boy again, that I might realize the peculiar joy I then felt, when my kind father used to bring home a new book from your magic pen. When I came to the article called "Days of my Youth," by Thomas Hood, I read those sweet verses with emo-

tions I could hardly conceal. With him I said to myself, —

"No wonder that I sometimes sigh,  
 And dash the tear-drop from my eye,  
 To cast a look behind."

A few years ago, while reading that little poem, which is so familiar to us all, by the same author, commencing,

"I remember, I remember,  
 The house where I was born,"

I jotted down, in a sort of parody, my own reflections concerning departed boyhood. They came to mind again as I held in my hand your magazine; and I thought, when I went home, I would hunt up the verses and send them to you for publication. Circumstances have prevented my doing so till now, but I trust they will be none the less likely to interest some of your readers.

I remember, I remember,  
 The school where I was taught;  
 The tingling ferule often used  
 To rouse my sleeping thought;  
 It never spared my trembling hand,  
 Nor softer grew by use;  
 And now, I often wish its force  
 Had let my spirit loose.

I remember, I remember,  
 The master, stern and strict,  
 The playthings and the story-books,  
 He from my pockets picked.  
 The trifling griefs of that young time  
 Oft gave me bitter pain;  
 Yet now I'd leave my manhood's prime,  
 To be a boy again.

I remember, I remember,  
 Where I was used to roam,  
 And thought the haunts I loved so well  
 Were once some angel's home;  
 My dreams were ever blissful then,  
 That are so gloomy now,  
 And when I from my pillow rose,  
 I felt no aching brow.

I remember, I remember,  
Those school-days with a sigh;  
I thought I saw, the more I lived,  
The end of learning nigh.  
"It was my childish ignorance, —  
But now 'tis little joy," —  
To know that mark is farther off  
Than when I was a boy!

C. B.

Dorchester, Mass. Aug. 1846.

little correspondents, S. S. F., and Mary S. D—, of Washington, excuse us for not inserting their letters? You may rest assured, Mary S. D—, if I ever come near Binghamton, I shall come and see you, and tell you one of my best stories. If you ever come this way, call at my hut, Jamaica Plain, and you shall get a smacking welcome. Good-by!

A kind friend has sent us the following song; we hope there are more where this came from.

Our kind friends must now see that our pages are full. Will our gilt-edged

### The Child and Flower.

The musical score is written for piano in G major (one sharp) and 6/8 time. It consists of two systems, each with a treble and bass staff. The first system begins with the lyrics 'Innocent child and snow-white flower, Well are ye paired in your opening hour;'. The second system begins with 'Thus should the pure and lovely meet, Stainless with stainless, and sweet with sweet.' The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests, and ends with a double bar line.

White as those leaves, just blown apart,  
Are the pure folds of thine own young heart;  
No guilty passions, or cankering care,  
Ever have left their traces there.

Artless one, though thou gazest now  
O'er the white blossom with earnest brow,

Soon will it tire thy childish eye;  
Fair as it is, thou wilt throw it by; —

Throw it aside in the weary hour,  
Throw to the ground the fair white flower,  
Yet, as thy tender years depart,  
Innocent keep thy pure white heart.